

OFF THE WALL

NEW
&
VIEWS

VOL. 5

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

MAR 23 1976

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OFF THE WALL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. It is printed with permission of the administration of Saskatchewan Penitentiary and opinions expressed are not necessarily "shared" by the Administration.

It is devoted to the interests and activities of the men in Saskatchewan Penitentiary and it has two objectives 1) to give us a source of information and facts, and 2) to provide a form of communication and representation for us 'The Cons'. We would appreciate any suggestions, criticism, cartoons, and information of value to the convict population, for our next issue.

OFF THE WALL

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It is devoted to the interests of the inmates of the pen
in Saskatchewan Prisons. Its objectives are:
to give us a source of information, facts, and news
to provide a forum of communication and representation for us
to 'speak' our minds and express our suggestions, criticisms,
and information of value to the inmate population
also, for our next issue.

TIME TO GET OFF

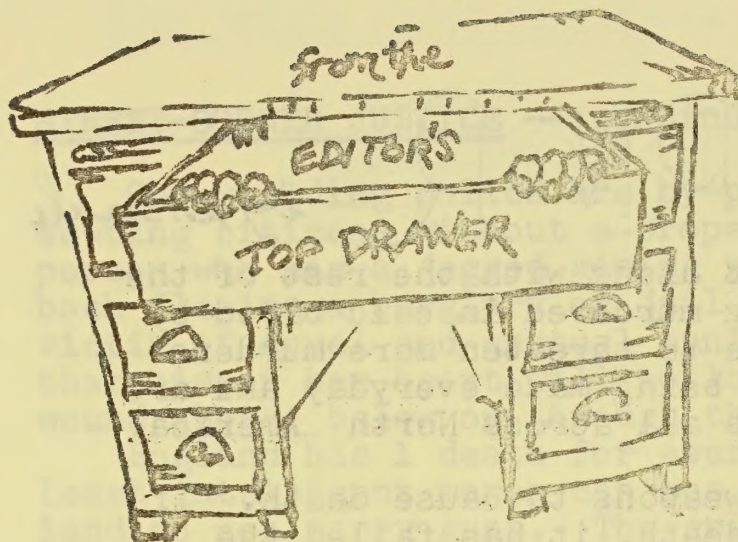
YOUR



AND SUPPORT OUR ELECTED
COMMITTEE MEMBERS TO OBTAIN
OUTSIDE LEGAL HELP IN GET-
TING THOSE INMATES OUT OF
SEGREGATION WHERE THEY
SHOULD NOT BE KEPT LOCKED
UP LIKE ANIMALS IN A ZOO.

THIS IS 1976, NOT 1876.

SO LET'S GET WITH IT.



The purpose of an editorial is ill defined. That is to say that no one has ever told me what they are supposed to contain. At this time I would like to make some comments on the Manditory Supervision Trip. There is a lot been said about Manditory Supervision, and all that I have heard has been bad.

When I started serving time you use to get about a third of your time off for good behavior. That wasn't bad then along came Bill C-150. That became law on August 1, 1970. For those that are new and don't fully understand this law, about the only advice would be to ask for a kiss because you sure are getting screwed.

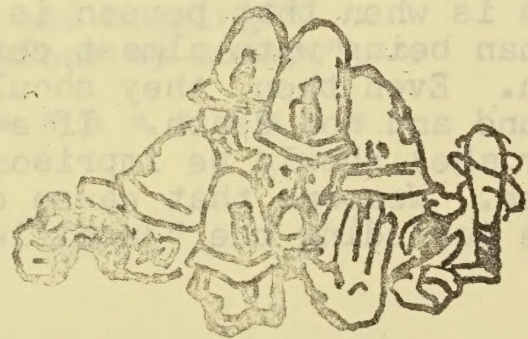
This particular clause virtually eliminates copper (our term for remission). What happens now is the time you get off for good behavior is served on manditory parole. Now, that is a real favor. You have earned the time and now must submit to supervision.

Now this may sound real good to the square john, however it is costing him many million dollars a year in excess taxes to support an unfunctioning law. I wonder what the Square Johns would think if he knew that they put men in prison for talking to people they knew before, or having a social drink with a friend in the pub. Now these men have not committed crimes. Nor have they had a trial. They have already served the time they were sentenced to. They have paid that debt, then they must pay some more. Pay for life, in some cases.

Not bad for a country that has come from the dark ages. You should expect more from a highly developed country, or so they say. Back then they use to dunk people under water for ten or twenty minutes. If the person lived he was guilty and then was sentence to death. If he died, which usually happened, then he was no longer a proble. Now things have really improved!

They try not to kill men any more. In some places they just persecute for life.

In 1828 in Canada, two men were charged with theft. Each had stolen a loaf of bread. One had a long criminal record. He was sentenced to two years of hard labour. The other, eighteen, with no previous recorded was sentenced to hang. He hung till dead on April 11.



My typist comes from Quebec - he tells me Mandatory is different in French.

STREET CORNER

by E. Wank

We have been brainwashed right along with the rest of the public at large. People are being murdered in cold blood by the police and the police continue to threaten more murders in cold blood. Those threats are being made everyday and are being reported in daily newspapers all across North America.

Open your eyes and look!

Police carry guns. Guns are weapons to cause death. If a gun is fired and DOESN'T cause death, it has failed the function for which it was designed.

The very fact police carry guns is an indictment against Society. The overall community has made policemen, judge, jury and executioner. By packing guns, police are simply bypassing the law of the courts and are oftentimes employing the power they've been given, i.e., the power to execute a death sentence upon a person they feel (sometimes instantaneously) should die.

Consider a few facts:

Men in jail who are sentenced to incarceration for X number of days, months or years may be murdered on the spot by police given the power to execute anyone who tries to escape. The stereotyped bulletin associated with all such murders ("Considered Extremely Dangerous") does not lessen the stark fact that a murder has been executed. Escape does not carry the death penalty yet the police have unlimited power to kill anyone who tries or succeeds in making an escape.

Burglary does not carry the death penalty, yet police are allowed to pump such death-dealing projectiles as the .357 magnum slug into the backs or bellies of fleeing burglars. Burglary doesn't carry the death penalty. Alcoholics have been murdered on the spot because they "endangered" police officers with "assault" (with their fists). Children have been shot down (especially black children) in the middle of the night because they were illegally running through the streets of Harlem and other police infected areas. True, law enforcement must exist in these and other areas, but murder by the police runs rampant in those areas.

The only time police should have the power to shoot anyone is when that person is threatening the life of another human being with almost certain (IMMEDIATE) harm to that person. Even then, they should only be allowed to inflict a wound and not death. If a policeman kills that person, he (or she) should be imprisoned for murder the same as anyone else. Weapons that cause death should be outlawed to everyone including the "justified homicide"-protected police.

STREET-CORNER JUSTICE -- continued from Page 4

Gun-wielding police are by-passing the law. They are executing citizens without a properly-signed death warrant. The person who has a jagged gaping wound blown into his or her back fleeing a burglary or jail would also seem to be the victim of cruel and unusual punishment, considering the fact that his or her heart will no longer function with such a wound above, below or through that heart.

England has 1 death for every 25 deaths we have! The least intelligent moron can see the reason: Police in England do not carry guns. The criminal, therefore, is not likely to obtain a gun to "protect" himself from the bullets of death-dealing police officers.

If a person is fleeing any crime, felony or otherwise and the circumstances are right, a policeman has the right to withdraw his weapon and blow that person's brains out. And 99.9% of the time, such deaths will be ruled "justified homicide." After all, we don't want the morale of our modern-day cowboys to be lowered to the point where they might threaten to "turn in their badges."

The simple fact is that the law is prejudiced. The golden statements etched across the buildings of "justice" across the land (EQUAL JUSTICE FOR ALL; ALL MEN ARE EQUAL IN THE EYES OF THE LAW) are blatant lies. In just recent weeks a 20-year-old youth was blown apart (at least his head was) by an RCMP "officer" who claimed it was an accident. He was acquitted of all criminal responsibility. Accident!!! BULLSHIT!!!! He pulled the gun, pointed it at the youngster's head and blew his brains out. Accident?

Accident, my ass! Both he and Society are guilty of murder, but like Nixon, they were pardoned by themselves.

* * * * *

JUSTICE IN THE DARK

"Your Honor," said the woman on the witness stand, "that man came into the movie and sat down beside me. And soon he began holding my hand, and then stroking my arm. Then he started kissing me, and squeezing and hugging me. Then he was gone -- and so was my purse."

"Why," asked the judge, "didn't you move away or call for help when he was doing all the kissing and hugging?"

"Your Honor, I had no idea he was after my money."

* * * * *

++++
SMILE -- SOMEONE NEEDS IT
++++

SOME THINGS YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW
ABOUT INDIANS BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK

By Rik Yellowbird

1. Q. Where did Indians actually come from?

A. From our parents -- just like you.

2. Q. Is scalping an Indian invention?

A. No. The French and Dutch introduced it for evidence of having killed one of us, and to collect the \$30.00 bounty from the Bay. We merely perfected it.

3. Q. Do Indians dance and sing all the time?

A. It started years ago in plains grass fires, you know. Stamping out fires one day, someone's moccasin caught on fire and he was yelling. Someone said, "Hey, man, that sounds groovy." Someone else added a drum and we were on our way. . . . (Incidentally, Blackfeet also got their name that way).

4. Q. Why didn't Indians make war at night?

A. Picture a siege: some white settler says, "Don't worry, they never fight at night because of their fear of dying and their spirits wandering. . . ."

--Actually, we were as afraid of the dark as you were.

5. Why did the Indians sell Manhattan Island for only \$24.00 worth of beads?

A. A number of reasons:

- a) As far as we knew, you only meant to stay a few days.
- b) Before beads, all we had were seeds and bone; we got tired of wearing the same seeds. There's nothing more gauche than arriving at a war party and someone else is wearing the same thing. Bones tended to disappear as your best friend, the dog, liked them. So, understandably, we were a sucker for those new beads.
- c) Columbus was of Italian descent and you know how they conduct their business: they give you an offer you can't refuse.

Just recently we sent an offer to New York to buy it back at present inflation prices for \$75.00. For some reason we received no answer. (Perhaps the white man is off somewhere buying another island).

6. Why do Indians have high cheekbones?

SOME THINGS ABOUT INDIANS -- continued from Page 6

- A. It could well be from sitting in bars with their face resting upon their hands; or in the old days, sitting doing lookout duty with their face resting upon their hands.
7. Is it true Indians had more than one wife?
- A. As many as you could afford. Marriage was quite easy and divorce even simpler. You, however, simply told her to get out.
8. Why do you see Indians with blankets as so often depicted in the movies?
- A. There are 5 reasons:
- a) For sleeping purposes;
 - b) For decoration; there are numerous ways of holding them and we picked the know-how by watching Women movies and the way they held their white sheets;
 - c) Since we were a nomadic people and usually had only two changes of clothing -- and our buckskins were hung to dry -- we used the blanket;
 - d) Sneaking a drink;
 - e) Flashing and mooning: There's a story of a war jaunt told by a warrior on a distant hill overlooking some cavalry: he'd moon them, slap his cheeks and laugh. Some fool pulled out a new .50 cal. sharps rifle and shot him through the cheeks. He used the blanket to warm himself during the fever.
9. Did Indians eat dog meat?
- A. If you visited a Chief and he gave you his best friend to eat, you ate it and liked it.
10. What are the Indian's contribution to Society?
- A. 1) Cowboys . . . and if it wasn't for us, there wouldn't be a John Wayne;
2) North America;
3) Tobacco;
4) Hockey
5) Buffalo
6) Pocahontas;
7) Manhattan Island
8) Indian Affairs
9) Tonto
10) Corn, squash, pumpkins, potatoes and many other edible goodies. There is no such thing as the "Irish" potato.
11) Birch bark canoe;
12) Teepees -- the first mobile home.

* * * * *

Rik Yellowbird may well be one of the greatest writers of TRUE Indian history. He's a brilliant young man.--P.L.

MY FIVE YEARS IN HELL

"I was a prison chaplain. But there's no place for a Christian in prison."

By GLENN JACKSON

(A Reprint from the JANUARY 1976 OBSERVER)

Canadians seem to believe that the way to solve the crime problem is to lock up people in prison.

That's garbage. Canada already locks up a larger percentage of its population than any other country in the western world. I wish everybody who is calling for more and stiffer prison sentences could see what I have seen in five years as a prison chaplain.

Locking up people doesn't work. Instead of preparing people to be useful members of society, it mutilates most of them so that they'll never make it outside again.

As a chaplain, I could do almost nothing to help them. In prison, you go along with the system, or you buck it to no avail, or you leave. After five years, I left. There was no place for me. I'm not sure there's any place for a Christian in the penitentiary.

Let me tell you how the prison system seems to me. I see it as one massive machine. The job of the machine is to eat people. Guards, prisoners, everybody--it gobbles them down. That nourishes it so it can fulfil its function and eat more people.

By eating people it also takes them out of society. That is what we have created it to do. But while the person is in this machine and out of society, he is digested to such an extent that he never will be whole again.

Sure, there are exceptions. The man who is in for a fairly short sentence, and who has good family support on the outside, has the best chance of keeping himself from being sucked into the machine.

But for most people, it's a dead end. Once you get into the garbage can, you keep running around and around on the bottom. You have no idea what's beyond the rim.

I applied for a chaplaincy five years ago because I thought it would be a meaningful, effective ministry. Chaplains are appointed, in effect, by an inter-denominational committee, although they are paid by the federal government. I was assigned to Joyceville in Ontario with about 400 prisoners. I was one of two chaplains there. The other man was Roman Catholic.

At first, I think it was a meaningful ministry. I tried to bring some message of love, of gentleness, friendship and God's grace. Gradually, I came to see it was an impossible situation.

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MY FIVE YEARS IN HELL -- continued from Page 8

The limitations of such a ministry are too narrow if one's function is to go into a man's cell, smile at him nicely, and say, "God loves you, you poor caged animal." The facts of the situation belie the message.

And while that's an exaggeration, it's an example of what the penitentiary ministry ends up being. You are fighting to exercise a Christian ministry in an anti-Christian environment. You want to guide and direct and help the man see his way out of the confines of a life-style which denies his humanity and therefore the divinity within him.

But if the chaplain has any guts, he is going to run counter to the prison system. He'll go to bat for somebody, try to pull him out of the eating machine. If he runs counter to the system often enough, he will lose his credibility with the system. I've seen it happen over and over. And if he loses his credibility with the system, then he has nothing to give to anybody. Except the consolation of the Lord.

So you can't play ball with the inmate unless you play ball with the management. And it's much easier to survive and collect your cheque by doing nothing than by trying to achieve something. I've seen so many people come into the prison with the hope of accomplishing something for others. But over a few years that kind of initiative (which is regarded as do-good-ism in the worst connotations of that word) gradually atrophies because you don't get anywhere.

I don't blame the prison administration. It has an impossible job to do. It has to administer Hell. With the responsibility to oversee Hell, the big job is simply to hold the lid on. The person in charge is no devil. He is just a poor bloke, who may have started out with hopes and theories about giving people a hand up and out, but now that he is into it finds that all he can do is sit on the lid.

I don't blame the staff either. It's a dead end for them too. Most of them are basically decent people. There's the man who is there because his dad worked there, or because it was the best job that was available to him, or because he wants to reach out to help somebody. There are pure sadists, who enjoy cruelty, but I have known only very few. Many more are what I call basic corporals--men who like authority but couldn't measure up to be police. But no matter how they begin, they nearly all eventually see the prisoners less and less as individuals, and more as an amorphous blob. It's difficult to relate on a friendly level to a man you lock up every night.

If it's hard for the chaplain to operate in the prison, it's even harder for the guard or inmate who wants to live as a Christian. His faith says that man is salvageable, that God loves him and that God's love is powerful. The prison system says this man must be held to complete his sentence. Never mind what happens to him as a person in the meantime.

MY FIVE YEARS IN HELL --- continued from Page 9

I can't say that this is what happens to other Christians in prison, but for me it was a very severe test of my faith, almost a crucifixion experience. In the end it was massively strengthened. But I went through a sense of aloneness, of abandonment. I felt I was trying just to survive in Hell.

What the church is really doing when it sends chaplains into the prisons is running an ambulance service at the bottom of a cliff. It would be much more effective if it were up on top of the cliff, warning people that the cliff is there, and building a fence along the top so people do not fall over and need the ambulance service.

The most effective thing, in other words, is to keep people from going to prison. Yes, there are some who will always have to be locked up, but I didn't meet very many like that. I know it's not nearly so many as we lock up now.

Let me give an example of a fence we could build. Inside the prison, the most effective thing I have seen is something we at Joyceville called the Link Fellowship. It's a one-on-one link between a family on the outside and an inmate on the inside. The family in effect says to the man, "We care about you and we will accept responsibility for you as a person, by supporting you, by standing with you, by speaking the truth to you, with nothing to gain other than our friendship together." This, I found, for many guys filled a void that never had been filled, from their earliest days.

Whatever it was that went wrong at home, they didn't have this kind of accepting honesty.

Now the place I think the church can be most useful is in supplying this kind of resource to young people before they receive sentences which would lock them up. In many cases it could keep a guy from falling off the cliff and ending up in the garbage can.

In boys' work and girls' work for a long time, youngsters have found a church home, and they don't end up in trouble because their peer group is a group which is not involved in crime. But if the youngster does get into trouble, then we've been cutting him off and shaking our heads about him. If we ever did have contact with him, at that point we lose contact.

It's not enough just to supply the group and hope it keeps him out of trouble. If it doesn't, we have to stand beside him and say, "We accept responsibility for what happens to this person." Maybe, to be really believable, we have to say, "We accept responsibility for what he may do."

Suppose an elder of your congregation were to be convicted of embezzlement. Everybody in the congregation would feel just terrible. But how many would go to court with him? How many would visit him in prison? How many would welcome him back when he got out of prison? Even if he were welcome, he would feel he was being patronized, unless you had stood

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MY FIVE YEARS IN HELL -- continued from Page 10

beside him all the way.

We believe in the forgiveness of sin. But do we practice it?

One of the hopeful things I see is the way juvenile court judges are doing their best to keep young people out of the prison system. The changes that are planned in the Young Offenders' Act will make a big difference. But these are running counter to the public pressure which says: get rid of them, lock them up.

I haven't any panacea for crime. I just know that's not the answer. I know lucky to get out: when I was called by a pastoral relations committee, it was almost a resurrection.

But what about the others who are still there? FF

Mr. Jackson is now minister of Cliffcrest United Church, Scarborough, Ontario. Joyceville Institution is located near Kingston, Ontario--Ed.

* * * * *

WHEN IN MY WORLD

By Cadillac Clark

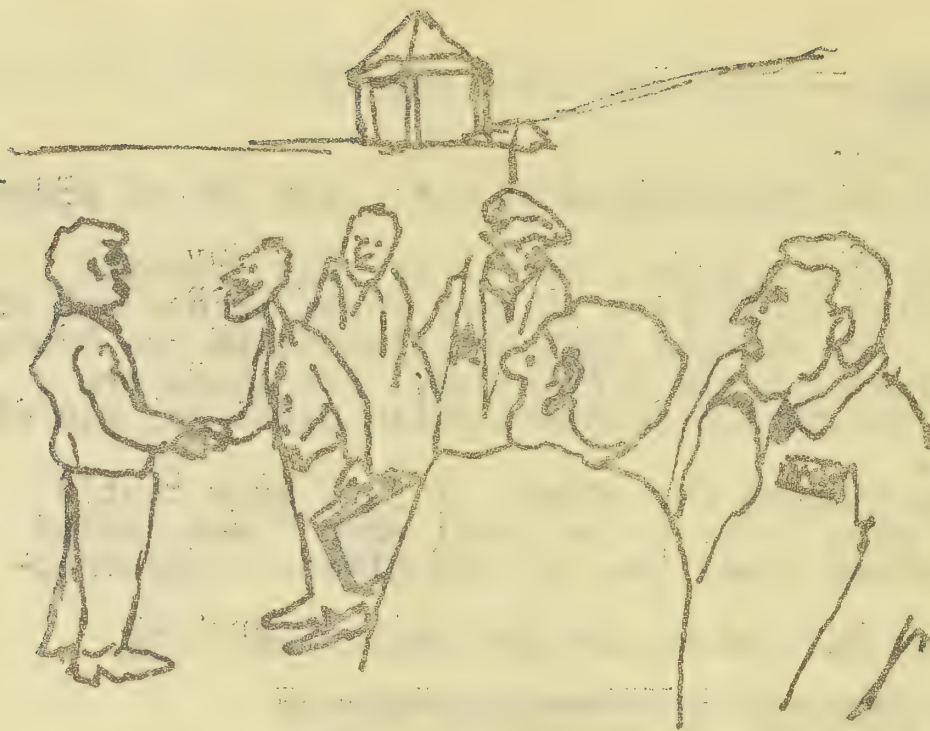
If you try to impress me, I will remain unimpressed;
If you try to force your will unto mine, I will remain unwilling;
Do not tell me how good you are; a man that is that good, does not need to advertise;
Do not show me your riches; I judge the person NOT by their possessions;
Do not show me your physical strength; I admire only strength of character;
Do not attempt to lower me in self-esteem; this cannot be done;
Do not tell me how wise you are; I already know;
I am a gentleman, but even a rabbit has claws;
Do not tell me of your god or gods; I stand alone;
I will be your friend; if you are worthy of true friendship;
However, if in anyway our worlds disagree, let us part before they or we collide!

* * * * *

A TRUE FRIEND

If you have only one true friend in a lifetime, consider yourself a rich man (or woman)--Author unknown.

* * * * *



Napolean had his
Waterloo,
Nixon had his
Watergate,
I have my
waterbed.

Uncertainty always
needs new cloths.

Did you see the poor
little sunk down the
road?
What happened to him?
His father cut him
off without a scent.

"I told you we should have never
let him in on the escape plan."

"If we discharge you", the cheif psychiatrist said to the
patient, "what would be the first thing that you would do?"

"Rubber band." said the patient.

"What would you do with rubber bands?"

"I'd make a slingshot and break every window in this place."

"Sorry," said the psychiatrist, "you
are not ready to be discharged
yet."



A year passed, and the patient
came before the board again to
test for discharge.

"When I get out of here, the
first thing I'm going to do is
to make a date with my girl-
friend Mabel."

The psychiatrist nodded ap-
provingly. Then What.

"I'll borrow my brothers car.
I'll take her to lover's lane.
I'll kiss her, then I'll sneak
my hand up and steal her garter.
I'll use the garter to make a
slingshot and break ever damn
window in this place."

"Sure conjugal visits are
fine. But I bet them bums
won't allow wife swapping'.

MAN'S WISDOM

A seed absorbed a bit of earth
Beside a singing brook
To become a crimson rose.

The rose gave forth a second seed
To nourish a singing bird
At dawn.

Man came by, shot the bird, and
On his way to retrieve his bleeding prize
Crushed the flower with one
Ignorant foot and dirtied the brook
With the other.

--Paul Leister

NON-VIOLENCE IS THE ANSWER TO OUR STRUGGLE

By Gilbert Pastion

In this article, I would like to talk more about non-violent principles which are more important for my people to know and struggle with because non-violence is the only way toward Liberation.

I follow many ideas in support of my people in their just struggle and write articles in various newspapers across the country in an effort to express that support. This article is another effort in their behalf.

I KNOW we will break free from the colonialism of oppression and will move through the wilderness of legal oppression and then stand on the border of the promised land of integration. The Indian needs the white man to free him of his fear; the white man needs the Indian to free him of his guilt. If integration is to be a reality, the Indians must suffer for it. Freedom is never voluntarily given by the oppressor; it must be demanded by the oppressed.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. once said that it is a cruel jest to say to a bootless man that he should lift himself by his own bootstraps. It is even worse to tell a man to lift himself by his bootstraps when somebody is standing on the boot. But, even at that, we are tied together.

Like King, I too had a dream that someday my people will be set free from the oppression and will be given full equality. The Indian leaders must preach to their followers the gospel of equality and non-violence. Before the victory is won, maybe some more will have to face the tragedy of physical death. Before the victory is won, perhaps others will have to be scarred, or lose jobs, be subjected to insults or undergo any number of other problems related to oppression. When evil men plot, however, good men must plan; when evil men burn and destroy; good men must build and bind; when evil men shout ugly words of hatred; good men must commit themselves to the glories of love; when evil men seek to perpetuate an unjust status-quo, good men must seek to bring into being a real order of justice.

Unity then, becomes the next step. Three simple words describe the nature of unity of which I speak: "all" "now" and "here." These three words are really what the Indian wants.

What nationalism means to the Indian leaders, is that it is the Indian way of doing things. The Indian struggle is a constant effort to preserve the Indian's national identity. The Indian's national movement continues to proceed at its slow, fitful progress toward political union, but victory will come.

The Indian nationalists must completely radically change their role and cede some of their traditionally exclusive rights. They must also continue to preach to the Indian people to isolate themselves from the rest of Christianity and follow their own traditional ancient religion. They must pre-

serve the faith of the Indian people. The major positive result was the freedom of oppression for all Indian people, so the Indian nationalist must devise a technique of class struggle which would have a lasting impact on the colonialism. Stokey Carmichael, has said, "A doctrine of black supremacy is as evil as a doctrine of white supremacy." And it is the same with the Red supremacy too. I have learned that racial injustice is an economic injustice as well. The governments are using the moral leadership and Indian Affairs Depts. so they could decimate all Indian people from their way of life, and the little land they have left called reserves. We have been segregated on reservations for many years since the Europeans invaded our land. Now, it is time to form a unity of Indian people and through this unity we will be able to work our way towards self-government. It is interesting to notice that the extreme pessimist and the extreme optimist agree on at least one point.

They both feel that we must sit down and do nothing in the area of race relations. The extreme optimist says do nothing because integration is inevitable. The extreme pessimist says do nothing because integration is impossible. Freedom is not some lavish dish that the federal government or the white man will pass out on a silver platter while the Indian merely furnishes the appetite. There are only about 7.8% of the Indian students of this country attending integrated schools. At this pace, it will take 90 more years to integrate the public schools of this country. In more and more articles, the press (without excluding the possibility of improvements) defends the present educational system.

The Indian nationalist must press toward the merits of new methods of education for the Indian students. The Indian nationalist must get fully involved to attain power and to achieve its ostensible goals. They must long exercise direction through their movements, of every area of national life -- finance, foreign affairs, economic planning, defense, public order, law, security, propaganda, education, culture, religion and the arts, labor relations, industry and agriculture.

I am very conscious of my people's struggle as it is today! That is why I will preach a doctrine of non-violence which will prove, in the end, to be more effective than the bullets and bayonets of our opponents. We must be determined to struggle for legal equality. Because I believe in the equal worth of every man, I have found a new weapon, which I called "The Indian Peoples' Truth Force" and I urge my people out there in our society that one of the principles of the Indian peoples' Truth Force, is non-violence, a spiritual ideal towards which the Indian people must start moving. I urge my people: Let the opponent glory in our humiliation. It is better to be charged with cowardice and weakness than to be guilty of denial of our oath and to sin against the Great Spirit. It is a million times better to appear untrue before

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NON-VIOLENCE IS THE ANSWER. . . --continued from pg 15

the world than to be untrue to ourselves. I refused to urge my people to do anything that tended toward violence. The Indian Nations had to be re-born free and re-born without more bloodshed.

After the victory is won, the light will shine in this country but it will be no ordinary light. The light that will illuminate this country for many years ahead, will illuminate this country for many more years ahead, and a thousand years later that light will still be seen in this country, and the world will see it and it will give solace to innumerable hearts. For that light will represent the living truth, and the eternal man will be with us with his eternal truth reminding us of the right path, drawing us from error, taking the Indian nations to freedom. We will come to the point where we are able to say to those who will even use violence to black us, we will match their capacity to inflict suffering with out capacity to endure suffering.

Red Power -- that's the kind of power we need!

Having been born in the southern tip of Virginia, the only Indians I ever saw before coming to Saskatchewan, were racing across movie screens. And, of course, Hollywood being as silly as it is, the "hero" rode the white horse; the Indian the black one. When I walked into the prison here, I met the first "real" Indians I had ever seen. I found them to be honorable, sensitive, God-fearing men. Rik Yellowbird, Josh Manitopyes, Jimmy Montegrand, John Charles, Peter Makopis and Gil Pastion, among others, I am proud to call my friends. The young man who wrote the above article would look more in place on the movie screen mentioned earlier, rather than behind the walls of this prison. Most of them would, but I think it's time they rode the white horse. ---Paul Leister, CoEd.
' You too, Joe MacDonald!

IMPORTANT NOTICE FROM THE EDITOR'S OFFICE

We have an over-abundance of criticism of the contents of OFF THE WALL. To be very frank, 90% of the work (and writing) is done by the Editor, Bill Haas. The co-editor pounds the typewriter cutting the 25 to 50 stencils necessary each month to put the magazine out. It would help if some of those who criticize, channel that energy instead into the writing of an article, story, poem or both! Even if your English (or French) is not tops, perhaps together we can polish it into conveying the message you wish to convey. How about starting tonight on the article or story (or poem) YOU would like to see in print? If you have something you want printed in the magazine, take it to Bill Haas at F-1-29 or send word to his cell and he will pick up your piece. The only thing we ask is that the writing be your own or credit be given, otherwise we might ALL end up in jail.

* * * * *

SPORTS SCORE BOARD

<u>A League</u>	<u>Final Statistics</u>			
	<u>G1</u>	<u>As</u>	<u>Pn</u>	<u>Pt</u>
Norton	35	20	4	55
Arnott	17	25	2	42
Wapass	25	16	1	41
Brass	27	13	1	40
E. Cote	29	10	1	39
Louison	19	15	4	34
Makokis	23	9	1	32
R. Cote	19	14	4	33
W. Cote	18	8	4	26
Severight	16	10	3	26
Mackinaw	12	13	7	25
Wardman	15	8	1	23
Johns	9	12	2	21
Alexson	9	10	2	19
Omeosoo	7	9	0	16
Graham	7	7	0	14
Anaskan	8	4	1	12
K. Baker	4	6	0	10
Likakur	4	4	0	8
Mayfield	2	5	0	7
Brydon	3	4	1	7
R. Johnson	2	5	1	7
Robettlie	4	2	0	6
J. Baker	1	0	2	4
Peeace	1	0	0	1

A Goalies	G.P.	G.A.	AVERAGE
Bitz	10	61	6.1
Payou	9	61	6.6
Labuick	4	47	11.3

TEAM STANDINGS

Nationals	25 points
Selects	23 points
Chargers	4 points

This rapps up the regular game schedule for A League.

A Twisted IMAGE

R E L E A S E D

By Allen R. Stonechild

A new suit and a blue suitcase
You walk out the gates at long last.
Still escorted by a guard,
To the bus station that leads out of P.A.

The motor of the bus sounds strange.
No guards to tell you where to sit.
Yet you still feel the eyes on you.
Because they know where you came from.

Most think of the booze and chicks,
Others thank God for being free.
Still others are filled with bitterness.
Some are filled with the need to brag about it.

Most want to drink and try to forget,
The hate, frustrations and the regret,
For wasting a good portion of their lives,
Over something stupid and not worth the waste of life.

Strangers openly stare at you,
An Indian in a brand new suit.
They probably think you stole it.
But don't realize your life and their taxes paid for it.

The air seems a hell of a lot fresher,
The sun seems extra brighter.
The chicks are looking really great.
But being released is better than great.

* * * * *
A neurotic is a person who builds a castle in the
sky. A psychotic is a person who lives in it and
the psychiatrist is the person who collects the rent.

(Editor)

* * * * *

P R I S O N A R T S ' 7 6 C O N T E S T

DEADLINE FOR ENTRIES IN ALL CATEGORIES: MAY 31, 1976

JAILED AND-JILTED

by P. Goodswinner

I'm slowing
losing my mind
Since I lost
that love of mine
She said good-bye
to me.
When I came
to jail.
She told me
she'd found someone new.
Someone to hold her
when she's blue
Now I'm sittin'
here in jail.
thinking of the things
that might have been.

* * * *

No man
looks past
the beginning
of the present
to the end
He is content of the future
to let yesterday
be the memories
of Tomorrow!!

w.l.a.

The past always seems better
when you look back on it,
Than it did at the time!

And the present never looks as good
as it will in the future.

It is depressing if you tend to spend
to much time reliving old joys.
People tend to believe that they will
never have anything as good again!

from: Jaws

Have a happy day, hell you could be
in jail.

BUBBLING BENEATH THE FLESH

By W.L.A.

Death is not just a matter of dying physically, but can and is a transition from a mindful state of living to an abject state of non-existence. Simply, death of the mind! An existence without purpose or meaning! Living without life! We are the dead!

Now all that is left is for our bodies to die! For what is left once the mind's life forces have been quelled? To live in a zombie like state in hope that our life forces will return? No? What then I ask? Do we sit passively awaiting the final passing hour of our eternal existence. Is it right though, to give up? To exist in the confines of these brick walls void of life's forces? Till the transition of time allows us to be reborn! To be freed! Does not another question now arise? Is not freedom another state of mind? Just because the body is confined cannot the mind be free!! And if the mind is free are we not alive? No matter the iron bars and the brick walls!!

So, if the mind so wills, it waits! If it wills not, the mind fights! It awaits, not in a dormant state of suppression, but in a cosmic flow of life! Bubbling beneath the surface of flesh like a child, still yet, within its mother's womb. Waiting, waiting for that moment of birth, of life and of living! For no confinement can hold back the regenerative powers of the mind! Life's forces will be regained! They will rise up and quench the thirsty vacuum of death. Our minds have that power!

We are the dead! Not long ago we lived, felt life and watched dawn's morning glow. Now we are imprisoned in these halls of living hell, but there is that spark, that tiny spark of life forces that thrive within us.

WE SHALL LIVE AGAIN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

* * * * *

SOME THOUGHTS OF MAN

By RANDY AND MORT

As the future becomes present and present comes to past, we continuously wonder what the future will hold in store; what the present is bringing forth and what the past has done for our present, future--good or bad. At times we let our minds stray off into an endless dreamland world without accomplishing the present. At times we'll stray into the past and achieve nothing but get into a rut. == For ye who remembers the past, is condemned to live in it. For ye who lives in the present, but is too tied up in it, can't think of the past or future. For ye who thinks of the logical future, he will always thrust forward, for it is implicit to him that man has a mind, arms, legs and eyes in front of him for the defense of forward movement. Not the same for his back because man is not made for defense against affinities of the past.

TOASTMASTER'S INTERNATIONAL
AND THE EXPOSURE OF A CROOK!

By Paul Leister

For the first time in the history of the Canadian Penitentiary Service, TOASTMASTERS INTERNATIONAL issued a Charter this month behind the walls of a maximum-security prison. Toastmasters, as you probably know, have clubs in over 40 countries around the world and assist you in leadership and speechmaking. Seeing a golden opportunity to expose a Lebanese crook, I made the following speech last Wednesday:

+ + + + +

Mr. President, Members of the Executive, fellow members, distinguished guests, kindly bear with me because what I have to say will take a few minutes. And since the matter is quite serious, I would respectfully request, through the chair that the Secretary take careful notes concerning the matter I'm about to raise so that the issue is clearly and permanently reported in the minutes of this Club.

As most of you know, I have not been here very long. I came to the Club only a few weeks ago. But I have met some fine people here, and it only supports my belief that basically ALL men, prisoners included, are good men. You need only give them the chance to prove it and they will. There are exceptions to the rule, of course, but not very often. In a few seconds I am going to mention one of those exceptions.

There comes a time in every man's life when he must rise above his weaknesses and shortcomings and when I came to Prince Albert I was searching for such an opportunity. Many of you encouraged me to join Toastmasters. One man, however, persisted: Peter Kahan. You all know Peter. He can be seen in every corner of the prison shaking his finger to emphasize some point of advice, smiling the smile of friendship doing many things to help many people. He's highly respected both by inmates and staff alike.

But it's my sad duty tonight to expose a side of Peter Kahan that few people know about; a side of him that has me seriously considering making a motion to have a brighter, larger bone cast to hang around his neck.

For several weeks now, many of us have been playing chess with Peter. Most of us have lost every game. The games were all difficult.

Now and then, Peter, in his gentle way would suggest we rest a few moments, and go for a coffee. A few times he whipped out donuts and offered them to us. We would drink the coffee and eat the donuts. But once the game commenced again, Peter would obliterate us within 3 or 4 moves. A number of us were seriously considering entering his name in international competition.

Now and then, during a crucial move, Peter might accidentally knock the stapler off the table; the ashtray; in

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

...EXPOSURE OF A CROOK -- continued from previous page

one instance a chair fell out from under him. He always felt badly about the distraction and would offer us a piece of gum, an apple, a boiled egg; one time, a large red tomato. I will never forget that tomato! It was the juiciest tomato I've ever seen. I had to leave the game, and go to the restroom to wash my face and hands. But even the rest and refreshment did nothing for my chess game because Peter checkmated me in 3 moves as soon as I got back.

That tomato is what finally gave him away. A few days later I found another tomato in the Committee Room desk with 4 tiny needle holes punched into it. Someone had injected it full of water. You can imagine who's fingerprints were on that tomato!

My faith in Mankind was shattered. It was only a few days later that I caught Peter Kahan cheating at chess. I was so shocked that I watched him several days. I caught him doing the following things:

1) Intentionally knocking things to the floor during a game but never picking them up himself because of a (quote) bad back (end quote). On one occasion when I rose up from the floor with the stapler, my queen was wobbling around on her square. I asked Peter why and he said the room was drafty. (X-Rays taken of his back without his knowledge, incidentally, show nothing wrong with his back);

2) Coughing or sneezing across the board so violently, just as he's about to be checkmated, that most or all of the pieces fly onto the floor;

3) Moving YOUR piece by mistake; especially if that piece is threatening to checkmate his king;

4) Capturing YOUR pieces with your pieces -- in other words (quote) accidentally (end quote) taking YOUR pon or rook with YOUR pon or rook;

5) Moving a piece, seeing it was a mistake, grabbing it and moving it back to its original position saying he had something (quote) in his eye (end quote) and made a mistake;

6) Rising suddenly from his seat, knocking over the board just as he's about to be checkmated;

7) And then the final straw: Just a few nights ago, after refusing tomatoes, donuts, coffee and chewing gum, and keeping my eyes closely glued to the board, I had him. Only one more move and I had Peter checkmated.

It was his move. He knew I had him. He offered me a handful of jelly donuts which I flatly refused. (The night before, I had beaten him two consecutive games so he couldn't afford to lose a third). He then threw caution to the wind.

My king was exposed but completely safe. I had only one move to checkmate him. But he took the rook or castle from the first line on the board and moved it SO fast I could hardly see his hand, much less the chess piece. He put me in check on the third line of the board with the rook that had somehow found its way to the third line from the FIRST line. Anyone who plays chess knows, of course, that even the HORSE/KNIGHT

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

...EXPOSURE OF A CROOK -- continued from previous page

is not allowed to jump so far. Putting me in check destroyed all chance for me to checkmate him.

I tried to reason with him, but he looked at me with those innocent Lebanese eyes of his and swore by Allah Himself that the rook began its move from the third line and in position to check my king. Needless to say, I lost the game.

Unknown to Peter, however, there exists an organization called CHESS CHESTERS, INC. that will expose a man like him. I wrote to them and they sent me a miniature camera and recorder that were hidden in a ballpoint pen. I secretly photographed and recorded Peter for two full chess nights. I then sent the results off to CHESS CHEATERS INC. When they saw the evidence, they called an emergency world meeting and without the slightest hesitation, bestowed their highest award upon Peter Kahan, an award that hasn't been given to any cheater since Kahlil Gibran strolled near the cedars of Lebanon.

I would like the President and all the other Executive Officers and Members of the Club to countersign the certificate issued by CHESS CHEATERS, INC. in witness that his naughty ways have finally be exposed. Following that, I would like to see the entire Membership stand and sing Happy Birthday to him, and after we're all seated, at the appropriate time, hang the bone around his neck.

Ed.Note: Anyone wishing to see Peter's Certificate may do so by asking him to show it to you. He carries it in his folder. At each meeting of the TM Club, whoever commits the biggest "boner" in speech, etc. wins a specially-made bone to wear around his neck. Peter won the bone on his birthday.

* * * * *

R A C I N G

R A C E Y

R U M O R M O N G E R

Racey at His/Her Best. Now guys, you just are not going to believe what I am about to tell you. First, I must make it very clear that it is straight goods. Witnesses and all. Cold Turkey, for those of you that haven't been here very long, you dear fellows, Cold Turkey ain't something that you get for lunch the day after Thanksgiving either. Well, anyway, on with the story: Guess who got caught with who....would you believe that Gary V. and Mike V. were at it. And that is the truth, ladies....So, the next time follow the 13th Commandment.....do unto others and then split. Have you guys got any ideas what a bannana-split is. Well it starts with C. and ends with F.

Because of recent developments there will be no more religious instruction for Buddaism is one the trap, as well as your

RACING RACEY RUMORMONGER -- continued from previous page

ruler, your king, and all of us girls loved them so. They were so manly before felled by Wanda the wicked bwitch. When I was on the street I always thought it would be cool to live in a penthouse.....ha (sick).

John and Jack went up the hill
There they met a man named Paul
Paul thought that Jack was Jill
And John found that Jack was Small.

Now it ain't my fault, but the other day, when I was casually walking down the range, minding my business, and looking carefully in every cell that I passed. I happen to spot some really juicy activities. Now, never let it be said that Racey ain't solid, that ain't the case at all, just nosey. Besides, it makes fine stuff to print in that rag they call a joint paper. Now who would you think I meant when I said there is some strangggggg goings on with a guy named John C. Now I am not sure you if you know what they mean when they say AC/DC. Well in this case it aint only AC/DC but it is 110, 220, and 440. Speaking of currents this could be best described as an organism of magnitude; just ask Paul, and George and Bill.

I don't really like this job, Dave B. B-4 always wants me to turn the microphone down when he talks to me. Now it has long been said that Dave was straight as a pretzel....He should not ask Racey to get involved with him then...cause Racey is completed to tell all. So the next time Dave says this, a sly grin would be in keeping.... (FLASH: Ask Racey about the 1-pushup loss!!!)

Sometime ago Wayne M. was asked to illustrate the difference between 'sexual' and 'asexual'. All he could say was he was at least interested in a-sexual relationships.

Your cheatin heart, will tell on you
You'll walk the floor, the whole night through
(Dedicated to Chuck, John & John)

A right, all right....who in the hell is blue eyes??????????

It is not nice to talk about a guy once he is locked up but I just can't resist mentioning that Pat was a very busy fellow. Clarence was not the only person that was moping over his loss. You won't believe the line of young'uns that were mourning his departure so I won't bother you with it....then again some have none.

It has come to my attention that there is a committee member who regularly is involved with one of the most henious activities known to man. I don't want to tell you who he is but his name is Peter and his last name begins with K.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

My name is Bill Mitchell and I am an alcoholic, and I might say Chairman of our AA Group in this institution.

AA in prison: Who needs it??

Many times I have been asked, why have AA in prison? After all, you can't get booze here! First and foremost I am an alcoholic, and I think like an alcoholic. There just isn't anyplace, in or out of prison, that I can't get good old John Barleycorn. John and I have been good buddies for many many years. If I want him bad enough it is of little matter that distillery operations can be halted and interrupted because the fact still remains! If I want him bad enough I will go to any lengths to get HIM, and many do, however, this is really beside the point.

Even if I, as an alcoholic, did not get or even attempt to get him, that is my friend John Barleycorn, there is still a great need for AA behind these walls. Even if I came in as an Alcoholic and I were to stay here and serve my time without doing anything about it, only to then hit the street, it would only be a matter of time before I would be back.

I still have the things that made me drink in the first place. Such things as the feelings of rejection; feelings of being sorry for myself; feelings of persecution and feelings of hostility toward others. I have found myself at times being lonely, jealous, suspicious and bitter -- such things if left inside me can only be added to the list of existing problems -- and who could possibly want to hit the street with such a mess? And once there who could possibly hope to make it?

So maybe I can't change the whole AA world but maybe, just maybe, AA could be the answer for myself and others like me.

Give it a fair chance! If you don't like it -- and don't want anything to do with it -- I'll refund you your misery and you can still go on living. Those who do not recover are people who cannot or will not completely give themselves to this simple program anyway. Our stories are in a general way what we used to be like, what happened, what we are like now and what is likely to happen -- again -- if we don't do something about it.

I would like to close with this: Try the Twelve Steps of AA.

They can keep you from coming back again

They can keep you out of prison!

They can change your life!

Meetings are held every Tuesday and Friday -- Everybody is welcome!! welcome!! and WELCOME!!

* * * * *

Someday Society will realize that the deepest root is as much of the tree as the highest branch--P.L.

* * * * *

Writer, poet, philosopher and artist, Kahlil Gibran was (in my opinion) one of the greatest minds of all time. Read his words and judge for yourself:

EXCERPTS FROM THE PROPHET

By Kahlil Gibran (1883-1931)

. . . And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said, Speak to us of Children. And he said:

Your children are not your children. They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself. They come through you but not from you; and though they are with you, yet they belong not to you. You may give them your love but not your thoughts. For they have their own thoughts. You may house their bodies but not their souls; for their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams. You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you. For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday. You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth. The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and He bends you with His might that His arrows may go swift and far. Let your bending in the archer's hand be for gladness; For even as he loves the arrow that flies, so He loves also the bow that is stable.

And then on CRIME AND PUNISHMENT:

. . . Oftentimes have I heard you speak of one who commits a wrong as though he were not one of you, but a stranger unto you and an intruder upon your world. But I say that even as the holy and the righteous cannot rise beyond the highest which is in each one of you, so the wicked and the weak cannot fall lower than the lowest which is in you also. And as a single leaf turns not yellow but with the silent knowledge of the whole tree, so the wrong-doer cannot do wrong without the hidden will of you all. And this also. . . the murdered is not unaccountable for his own murder, and the robbed is not blameless in being robbed. The righteous is not innocent of the deeds of the wicked; and the white-handed is not clean in the doings of the felon; yea, the guilty is oftentimes the victim of the injured; and still more often the condemned is the burden-bearer for the guiltless and unblamed. You cannot separate the just from the unjust and the good from the wicked; for they stand together before the face of the sun even as the black thread and the white are woven together. And when the black thread breaks, the weaver shall look into the whole cloth, and he shall examine the loom also. . . . If any of you would bring to judgment the unfaithful wife, let him also weigh the heart of her husband in scales, and measure his soul with measurements; and let him who would lash (or hang) the offender, look upon the spirit of the offended; and if any of you would lay the ax unto the evil tree, let him see to its roots; verily he will find the roots of the good and the bad, the fruitful and the fruitless, all entwined together in the silent heart of the earth. . . (From "THE PROPHET" Pub. 1923)

CONCERT EXTRAVAGANZA

LOUIS DIMAS

Recently, the entire inmate population was treated to a spell-binding performance by Louis Dimas. A brilliant performer capable of MAKING the entire audience scream for more. It was a special occasion indeed when 300 men remained in the auditorium cheering Louis and The Vantana's on. Over the years a number of groups have come out to the penitentiary to play for the men held here. Many of these groups have been very polished and offer a really good show for the men in here. However, none has ever matched the raw enthusiasm that transfigured the gym during the performance of Louis Dimas and The Vantana's.

Many men come before the audience to perform for them. Only a few of these are real performers, throughout body and soul. Louis was so out of the ordinary that men still talk of him even though a month or so has already passed since he was here.

His great energy and love for the audience could be felt throughout his performance, beginning with very deep and profound renditions of some of the songs on the pop market. He sang the songs as if they applied to Him, and to every person in the room. He established immediate rapport with the audience. His imitation of other performers was very real and loveable. Catching former artists at their worst and their best. Seldom does beauty come to the stage in such a exquisite performance.

I would like to thank especially George Rimmer for his time and effort in bringing the group into the institution. He has helped before and we hope that we will see him again. Special thanks also go out to the Social Development department for their cooperation in this matter.

A last SPECIAL word of FAIRWELL to Louis Dimas and the Vantana's for a performance that will never be forgotten by the men that have seen it. We hope that we will meet up with Louis again. The only parting remark I can make is that I feel sorry for the people downtown that might have missed his performance.

ON BEHALF OF THE ENTIRE
INMATE POPULATION WE!!!
WOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS
OPPORTUNITY TO THANK!!!
LOUIS DIMAS AGAIN!!!!!!

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